

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands  
Which hee stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour,  
Against the which a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our King, which had returne  
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,  
Had hee beene vanquisher; as by the same comart,  
And carriage of the articles desaigne,  
His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*  
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there  
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolutes  
For food and diet to some enterprife  
That hath a stomake in't, which no other  
As it doth well appeare vnto our state  
But to recouer of vs by strong hand  
And tearmes compulsory, those foresaid lands  
So by his father lost; and this I take it,  
Is the maine motiue of our preparations  
The source of this our watch, and the cheefe head  
Of this post-hast and romeage in the land.

*Bar.* I thinke it be no other but euen so;  
Well may it fort that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch so like the King  
That was and is the question of these warres.

*Hora.* A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:  
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell  
The graues stood tenantlesse, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeake and gibber in the Romane streets  
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud  
Disasters in the Sunne; and the moist starre,  
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,  
Was sick almost to doomesday with eclipse.  
And euen the like precurse of fearefull euent  
As harbingers preceeding still the fates  
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on  
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated  
Vnto our Climatures and contrimen.

*Enter Ghost.*

But

*Prince of Denmarke.*

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe  
He crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion,  
If thou hast any sound or vse of voice,  
Speake to mee, if there be any good thing to bee done  
That may to thee doe ease and grace to mee,  
Speake to mee.  
If thou art priuy to thy contries fate  
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd,  
O speake:  
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,  
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.  
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*.

*Mar.* Shall I strike it with my partizan?

*Hor.* Doe if it will not stand.

*Bar.* Tis heere.

*Hor.* Tis heere.

*Mar.* Tis gone,

We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall  
To offer it the shoue of violence,  
For it is as the ayre, invulnérable,  
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

*Bar.* It was about to speake when the cock crew:

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing,  
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,  
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throate  
Awake the God of day, and at his warning  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre,  
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine, and of the truth heerein  
This present obiect made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cock.  
Some say that euer gainst that season comes,  
Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated  
This bird of dawning siageth all night long,  
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abroad  
The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

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So